THE NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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SETTING TYPE.

Types are of a uniform height, ninety-two hundredths of an inch being the invariable height of all types, and of everything used to print along with types all over the world. They are of various sizes, from the letters two or more feet across, used in posters, to the minute type only seen in the very smallest editions of the Bible, or in marginal notes. The largest size commonly used in the present day is "pica," of which 71.27 lines go to a foot. The next smaller is "small pica," with 80 lines to a foot; then "long primer" with 89.79 lines to a foot; then "bourgeois," 100.79 lines to a foot; "brevier" (with which this article is printed), 113.13 lines to a foot; "minion" (with which the WITNESS is principally printed), 126.99 lines to a foot; "nonpareil," half the size of "pica;" and "agate" (with which the WITNESS advertisements are set), 180 lines to a foot.

There are also several smaller sizes which are used for special purposes only, as for Bibles. These are "pearl," "diamond," and "brilliant," the last almost a microscopic type.

Pearl.

Machinery now does nearly every part of labor, thus saving the

Agate.

Machinery now does nearly every part of labor, thus sav-

Nonpareil.

Machinery now does nearly every part of labor, thus

Minion.

Machinery now does nearly every part of labor,

Brevier.

Machinery now does nearly every part of

Long Primer.

Machinery now does nearly every part

Small Pica.

Machinery now does nearly every

Pica.

Machinery now does nearly

The different letters of the alphabet vary in thickness. The *m*, which, whether capital, lower-case, or italic, is nominally square in body—that is, just as broad as the line is deep,—is taken in America as the basis of measuring the quantity of matter in a page, and, thus used, is written "1m." The unit of measurement is a thousand "ems," which means an amount of matter equal to a thousand such square types. Every one who reads knows that some letters are used more frequently than others. For the ordinary class of English work, the relative ratios of the letters, as nearly as can be calculated, are as follows:—y, l, k, j, q, x—3; b, v—7; g, p, w, y—10; c, f, u, m—12; d, l—20; h, r—30; a, i, n, o, s—40; t—45; e—60; in all, 632. The "fonts," or supplies of single styles of type, are made of all sizes, from two or three pounds to thousands of pounds according to the quantity needed. Before the types are used they are placed in two "cases," called respectively the "upper" and "lower," which are placed on a stand or "frame." The upper case is divided into ninety-eight boxes of equal size, in which are placed the CAPITAL and SMALL CAPITAL letters, as in the plan given, by which the position of each letter and character may be seen. The lower case has fifty-four compartments of different sizes, in which are the "lower case" letters, spaces, quadrats—commonly called "quads"—and other prime necessities for a printing office. The quadrats are pieces of metal lower than the type, and are used for filling out blank spaces, such as the incomplete lines at the end of a paragraph, while the "spaces," which vary from the thickness of a hair to the width of the letter *n*, make the spaces between words. The larger spaces are all multiples of the *m*, which is square, and are therefore called quadrats, or quads.

With a pair of these cases before him, the compositor begins his work. His "copy" (the reading matter to be set in type) lies before him on the right hand side of the upper case, which is very seldom used. He has in his mind a phrase of the article he is setting, and picks up the letters one by one, placing them in turn in a composing "stick," which he holds in his left hand. He does not pick the letters from their boxes at random, but, as a matter of habit, his eye searches out a particular letter that lies in a position to be grasped before his hand reaches it. He never looks at the face of a letter to be sure of what it is, but only at the notch, or "nick," at one side at the bottom, which must invariably be placed upward or, towards his thumb in the stick. With the nicks down the words would look as follows:

[illegible]

When a line is completed it is "justified,"—that is, the spaces between the words are increased or diminished, so that each line will end with a word or a syllable. An ordinary-sized stick will contain seventeen lines of the size of type in which this article is set; and when the stick is full, then comes one of the most unsatisfactory duties for novices—that of "emptying" it. There will be in the stick some two hundred different pieces of metal. Lifting them out of stick in one piece is a precarious proceeding. The boy in the illustration has evidently failed in the attempt, as do most beginners.

The result of such a slip is "pi," which is made by no stated rules, but in numberless ways. A common work for beginners is setting up the "pi," which, when set up, looks like this:

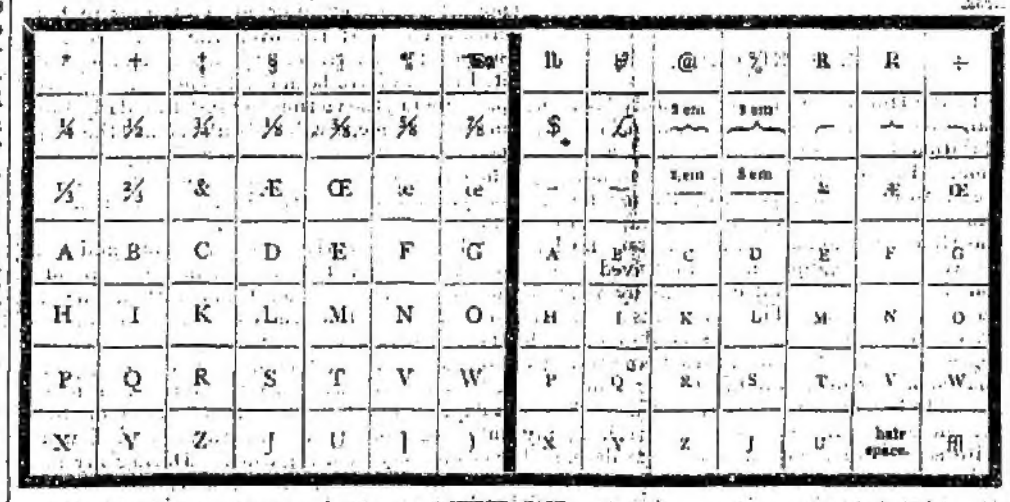
[illegible]

MAKING "PI."

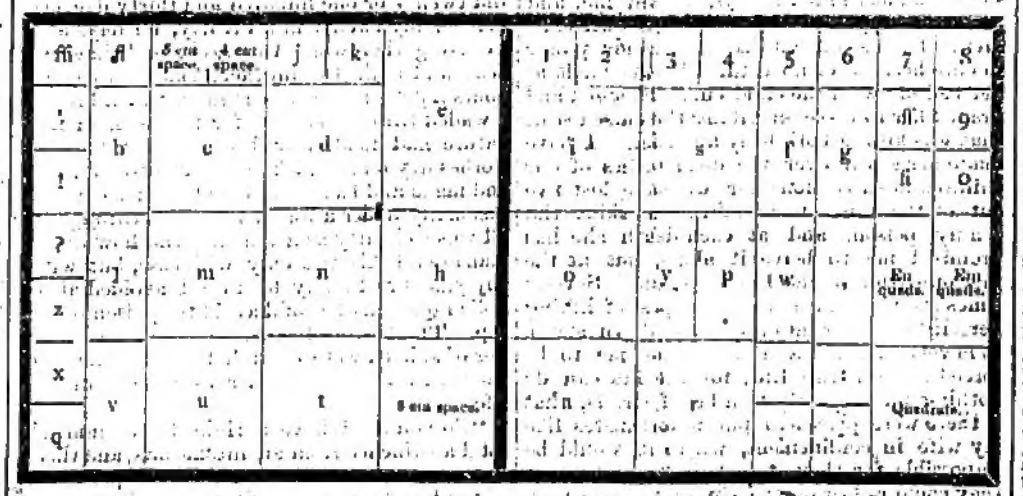
From the stick the type is transferred to a "galley," a long metal or wooden tray, against whose side and end the type rests. It is usually placed in an inclined position that there may be no danger of the type "pying," or becoming so mixed up as to be useless. When the galley becomes filled it is "locked up"—an operation made plain by our illustration—and "proofs" taken. This is done by "inking" the type by means of a roller, then placing a sheet of damped paper upon it and passing a heavy iron roller, surrounded by a "blanket," over it.

The proof is then sent to the proof-reader, who goes over it carefully, comparing it with the copy, which is read aloud to him by the "copy-holder." Any corrections to be made are indicated by certain hieroglyphical marks, which, with slight variations, are recognized by printers everywhere.

In daily papers, when great expedition is required, the proofs are read in "takes,"—which requires us to turn back for a moment in this description. Doubtless many of our readers have desired to know why it is that newspaper publishers are continually requiring correspondents to write only on one side of the paper, and thus encouraging so much waste and additional postage. It is this:—the copy is given out in "takes," or sections, of a dozen lines, more or less. To do this the sheets are often cut and renumbered. Thus, if the manuscript were written on both sides, endless confusion would ensue. The proofs are often read in these "takes," the impression being obtained from the type while in the stick. At times, when the news arrives immediately before the paper is sent to press, this reading is the only one it receives. Ordinarily they are read two or three times over, or oftener; first with the copy-holder, who reads the copy while the proof reader compares it with the printed proof before him, then "revised" by the proof-reader, who compares the second impression, or "revise" with the one on which the errors or omissions had been previously indicated, and glanced over a third time, to see that no mistakes have been over-looked in the previous reading and with more careful attention to the sense of the passage.—*From "The Daily Newspaper," in New Dominion Monthly.*



UPPER CASE.



LOWER CASE.

Temperance Department.

IN PERILS OF WATERS.

BY REV. WM. P. ALCOTT.

Those who have never crossed the Atlantic are not aware how great these are. Not the stormy ocean, but the fresh waters of Europe—even those of its lakes, fountains and wells are the danger. I can best illustrate my meaning by drawing upon my own experience.

Arriving in Paris, I soon observed that not only did its inhabitants use wine instead of water for their beverage, but so far as I could notice all English and Americans followed their example, partially at least. My own abstinence soon attracted attention, and I was informed that it was not safe to drink water in France unless wine were at least mixed with it. On this I was seriously and repeatedly warned by clergymen and Christian ladies. I was surprised, but I was not yet frightened out of facing the peril. However, in France I miraculously escaped all harm, but was warned that in Italy the water was not only injurious, but often very nauseous to the taste. Having practiced total abstinence all my life, and being a man of strong habits, for which I am thankful so far as they are good ones, I thought of nothing else but to go on in the good old way till I should begin to suffer quite unmistakably in consequence. By a most wonderful and special (?) providence I passed through nearly the entire length of Italy and spent, first and last, some time there, yet found no water that was particularly disagreeable to the taste or affected me injuriously in the slightest degree. Many of my acquaintances were so overcome by the warnings of resident missionaries, experienced travellers and other authorities that they waived the temperance practice of years or of their lives. So solitary seemed my experience that I began to wonder whether there was any water in Italy that was bad. Or had I alone made the happy discovery that the waters of this country had improved within a century or two?

Now, Egypt was to bring me to the dust, or rather to the wine. On being asked by a loved and honored friend if in that country I intended to drink nothing but Nile water, I assured him I should "fight it out on that line." His mournful reply was—for he wanted to save me from my fate—that "he admired my moral courage more than my prudence." But, really, the filtered water of the wonderful river of Egypt I found very sweet and harmless. I do not wonder that the Khedive, when in France, had it sent to him constantly, and would use no other. It is said that he who drinks of the Nile is never satisfied till he drinks of it again, and though this saying expresses but the fascination which ever draws him thither again who has once seen wonderful Egypt, yet sweeter water than that of the Nile I have never tasted. Singularly enough I have never heard of it hurting any one. Is it because so few foreigners take it "straight?" At any rate, like the natives, I took it thus and was unharmed. But when I set my face towards that "great and terrible wilderness" of the wanderings of the children of Israel without a drop of the "critter," my friends evidently thought they would see me no more. Some of my companions, I suspect, generously laid in an extra stock of brandy that when in the throes of approaching dissolution my stubbornness at last yielded, they might be prepared for the return of Reason to her throne. Alas! she never returned.

The water we took from the Nile and that we obtained from the sweet springs and brooks sometimes found even in this salt land tided us over the regions of nitre (carbonate of soda), and but rarely was I unable agreeably to quench my thirst. After crossing the Desert unscathed, Palestine, of course, had no terrors for me. But in my exhaustion from long horseback riding, I did drink too freely of the clear and sparkling streams which come down from Mount Lebanon, and I suffered briefly from the lime with which they are impregnated. But, by this time, the experience of my companions had been such that none of them were prepared to recommend wine as a preventive or a cure.

In short, I returned after seven months' incessant and exhausting travel unharmed except in this one instance by all the perils of water. Nor did I, save in Syria and the Desert, ever taste tea or coffee, though I used chocolate or milk when they were to be obtained. I find I am not the only one who has dared practice total abstinence in the face of all this warning and outcry. Rev. Newman Hall and a party of his friends traversed the Desert and Palestine without the help (?) of wine and suffered no evil in consequence. Rev. Joseph Cook has journeyed much in the East with a similar experience. Compared with the multitudes who travel, such "fanatics" are, however, but few.

In all the Old World the "social pressure" to drink wine is exceeding great—utterly beyond anything conceived of by untravelled Americans. Here everybody uses this drink. It is pure, comparatively cheap and very mild. Often it is set by your plate and you are charged for it whether you use it or not. A few drops in a glass of water will shield you from remark! Sometimes the waiters look on you as mean if you thus detract from their perquisites. On your right, on your left and before you, the best men and women, honored in the churches, preachers of abstinence at home, mix wine with their water. Are you going to set yourself up as better than they? and, as already suggested, all unite in assuring you, with apparently no dissenting voice, that it is not safe to drink pure water in these lands. I was lately told of a boarding-school in Switzerland attended by American girls, at which they were forbidden to drink water with their meals, doubtless on professedly hygienic grounds.

The above statements will suggest one reason why so few of those who have travelled in Europe advocate total abstinence. Here is a cause of the general (happily not universal) apathy of cultivated people concerning temperance. The return of the multitudes who visit Europe this summer will not in this respect help the sentiment of our country. It is sad to think how many of these travellers will violate their own consciences. Many voices will be silent that once advocated abstinence. Much will be heard about the advantage of producing cheap and pure wines. These are not the worst fruits of such European experience. But the writer wishes every person who crosses the Atlantic might know that it is possible to travel and live in any part of the Old World without departing from the principles of total abstinence. I have heard true temperance men express their deep regret that they had been imposed on in this respect. Many doubtless secretly wish they had known when they went what they did on their return. There are sections in our own country where the water is saturated with lime, and caution is demanded in its use. But I believe from the experience of others and of myself that one no more needs to use wine in Europe than in America. How, indeed, does wine remove the danger against which it is professedly employed unless water is entirely discarded as a drink? The writer cannot see how its injurious qualities are destroyed by pouring in wine. From the experience of some of his friends and from their own suggestions he would rather judge them aggravated. To disguise a bad taste is no sanitary advantage. Impure water should have a nauseous taste that little or none of it may be drunk, while by boiling and by various methods of filtering such water may be much more thoroughly freed from evil properties than by any vinous treatment.—*N. Y. Witness.*

A HARD CASE.

In the House of Commons on July 3rd, Dr. Cameron, in an eloquent speech urged that the Habitual Drunkards' Bill be read a second time. In concluding he said he had not proposed to cure intemperance, neither had he endeavored to work upon the sympathies of the House, but amongst many letters he had received on the subject he had received one so touching that he should conclude by reading an extract from it. The writer was a pensioner, who for many years had served in a Scotch regiment. In 1866 he married, and in order that he might bring up his family more respectably became a teetotaler. "Unfortunately," he says, "for me and my children, my wife seems to have begun from that date, and it has gone on from month to month and from year to year, gradually becoming worse until she has almost killed herself, ruined me, and become an object of disgust to her own children. I have done all that lay in my power to cure her, but of no avail. I have knelt at her bedside with the children, and begged and prayed her to leave off taking the cursed stuff that was killing both body and soul. I have made her swear over the dead bodies of our children in succession—for we have lost five out of the nine—to abstain from taking the deadly poison, and at each death she has promised me to leave it alone, but at the first opportunity she begins again. Several times she has had narrow escapes of killing herself by falling into the fire or down stairs. It is very sad, and a sad thing for me to be forced to bear this life; for the law can do nothing for me. My firm belief, sir, is, that if there were places to put unfortunates like my wife in confinement, where it would be impossible for them to get liquor, and where they could reflect on the sin of the life they had been leading, thousands of starving families might be saved from utter destruction. I do not say that all the unfortunate beings could be cured of their dreadful habit, but a great many could, and I firmly believe my wife could be one of the saved. She has struggled hard, I know, to overcome the evil, but it has got master of her, and nothing short of confinement will cure her. It has gone so far that she beats her children when I am not there if they will not go for drink. She has taken the clothes off their backs, and the shoes off their feet to take to the pawnshop for money to obtain drink with. She has forced the locks off the drawers and boxes and taken all that we had to pawn for drink. For eight long weary years this has been going on, and for my children's sake I've hid it from the world. I have written often to her people, and explained her conduct to them. They tell me to put her away from me, but where am I to put *her*? I *must do something*, for I begin to get frightened for myself. I fear that my passion may get beyond my control and injure her. Such was the case last night when I came home and found she had been beating the youngest child because the little thing, six years old, would not go for beer for her. I have desired the children never to go for it, and they are very glad, for they all belong to the Band of Hope school, and what will be their future with the terrible example their mother sets before them daily? She is now lying drunk in bed while her poor children clean the house. Is not this enough to make me commit a crime such as we read of in the newspapers? I am not an educated man. I have not said all I should have liked, but I could not bring my pride to ask some one more competent. I pray fervently that you will get your Bill passed." If he were to speak for another hour he could not add more to the touching pathos of that appeal.—*League Journal.*

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

Ernest Gilmore, before he left home for a distant city where he was to enter into business with his uncle, made a parting call on good old Dr. Howitt. He found him, as usual, in his library, where Ernest had spent so many happy hours reading the books which the doctor had so kindly placed at his disposal.

Ernest and the doctor were strong friends, and this last talk Ernest always remembered. The doctor urged him to seek at once some good church, and also identify himself with Sabbath-school work, which Ernest readily promised to do. He also warned him against the bad habits so many young men form, of keeping late hours, drinking, and theatre-going.

"I know they will do me no good," said Ernest, "and I shall try to remember all your good advice; but I shall hardly expect to look as hale and hearty as you do if I live to be your age. Tell me the secret: is it because you have always been such a decided temperance man?"

Said the doctor: "I am a temperance man because I have seen and felt the need of it. If I had lived as many literary men do—kept late hours; passed evening after evening in hot, crowded rooms; sat over the bottle at late suppers; in short, had 'jollified,' as they call it, I should have been dead long ago. For my part, seeing the victims to 'fast life' daily falling around me, I willingly abandoned the temporary advantages of such a life, preferring the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, and the blessings of a quiet, domestic life.

"I am now nearly seventy years old, and cannot, indeed, say I have reached this period, active and vigorous as I am, without the aid of doctors. I have the constant attendance of these four famous ones: temperance, exercise, good air and good hours. Often in early years I have labored with my pen for sixteen hours a day. I never omit walking three or four miles, or more, in all weathers, and I work considerably in my garden. During my two years in Australia, when I was about sixty, I walked, under a burning sun, of one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty degrees at noon, my twenty miles a day, for days and weeks together; worked at digging gold in great heat, and against young, active men, my twelve hours a day, sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers—for neither man nor nature had made any bridges—and let my clothes dry on my back; washed my own linen, and made and baked my own bread; slept occasionally under a forest tree; and through it all was as hearty as a roach. And how did I manage all this, not only with ease, but with enjoyment? Simply because I avoided alcoholic liquors as I would avoid the poison of an asp. The horrors I saw there, from the drinking of spirits, were enough to make a man of the least sense an abstainer for the rest of his life.

"So you see I have a right to recommend total abstinence from all intoxicants, and their great co-partner, tobacco. They are all poisoners of the blood, they are all burnt-offerings to Death, they are all destroyers of the bottom of the pocket, and, what is worse, destroyers of the peace of families and the constitutions of men. They strip those who take them of health, clothes, morals, and mind; they convert them into madmen. The great bulk of the crimes and calamities of society flow from the tap and the spigot."

"I believe you," said Ernest, "and I mean always to be just as decided on this point as you are."—*Temperance Banner.*

A GROWING EVIL.—There ought to be a pretty vigorous war commenced in the Sunday-school against tobacco. It is the filth that borders the stream of drunkenness. When once a boy has set his foot in that he is liable to be whirled away by the fiercer torrent just beyond. Although there is a growing sentiment against its use among professing Christians, there is an alarming increase in the habit itself. Boys, especially, are far more addicted to its use than formerly. There is one point that we have to pass nearly every day where a cigar manufactory keeps out upon the sidewalk in a box the stems and refuse of the leaves they use in their business. Invariably it is surrounded as thickly by boys as a sugar hogshead is by bees. They, it is true, are of the lower and rougher class, but in the suburban town where we live, a tobacco epidemic seized upon the boys so strong that there were few, even of the best families, that were not infected by it. And there are few homes, anywhere, so isolated or secure but that, sooner or later, the tobacco question has to be fought out. And, usually, it occurs after the boy secretly has acquired the habit, so that all the odds are in his favor. Teachers in the Sunday school should do all that they can to avert this conflict, or help the parent to a perfect and easily won victory. The cigar is the devil's cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, by which he is leading hosts of boys and young men away from the promised land instead of into it.—*National Sunday-school Teacher for May.*

THE TOBACCO SCOURGE is not only a great peril to the public health, but it is the source of an enormous waste of money and material substance. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Christian Advocate*, who has made a careful computation from the best available sources of information, estimates that the smokers and chewers among the preachers and members of the Cincinnati Conference only, make an anual expenditure for tobacco of over $180,000! The writer says: "There are numerous instances where five to ten members of a charge or circuit spend more jointly for tobacco than their whole charge or circuit gives for all the benevolent collections of the church combined." He adds that "there are instances in suprising number where single individuals (Methodists) spend more for cigars each year than any one of eighty out of the one hundred and twenty-four charges and circuits of the Cincinnati Conference gives for mission purposes." This astonishing tobacco waste is not peculiar to Methodists. Thousands, including many boys and young men, are spending their half dimes, dimes, and dollars for cigarettes and cigars, and laying the foundations for paralysis and cancerous and other diseases of the body, who have no money left for books or benevolent and religious purposes. It is quite time for a vigorous crusade against this great tobacco scourge.—*National Temperance Advocate*

LIEBIG'S CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.—The *Scientific American* contains an account of an experimental test of Liebig's theory for the cure of habitual drunkenness. The experiment consisted of a simple change of diet, and was tried upon twenty-seven persons, with satisfactory results. The diet proposed is farinaceous, and in the cases reported was composed of macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas, and lentils. The dishes were made palatable by being thoroughly boiled and seasoned with butter or olive oil. Breads of a highly glutinous quality were used, care being taken to prevent their being soured in course of preparation. In his explanation of the theory, Liebig remarks that the disinclination for alcoholic stimulants, after partaking of such food, is due to the carbonaceous starch contained therein, which renders unnecessary and distasteful the carbon of the liquors.

A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, whose heart yearns for a revival in his Church in America, says:—"The people in my place cannot afford a revival. There are $100,000 worth of liquor sold over the counter in our village annually. The very men whom we desire to reach with a revival are in one way or another concerned in the business and profits of the traffic. They cannot afford to have a revival—it would cost them too much."

TO MAKE AND SELL intoxicating liquors as a beverage is declared a Masonic offence by the Grand Lodge of Michigan, worthy of suspension or expulsion if persisted in after due admonition. Perhaps all churches will by and by reach as high a platform as this lodge has done.

PURE AIR AS A DISINFECTANT.

Residence in a pestilential atmosphere cannot but weaken the health, and of all legacies to leave to one's children, an enfeebled constitution is surely the worst. And yet matters might be easily mended, by attention to cleanliness and disinfection. Now most disinfectants cost money, but there is one that does not, and I am happy to say it is the best and the simplest, and always at hand, and its name is PURE FRESH AIR. In the presence of oxygen, the chief constituent of pure air, miasma becomes *non est*, and the most deadly disease-germ loses its own existence. A gale of wind can destroy the cholera, but in a still atmosphere this plague rides rampant, and the victims it claims are legion.

Yet what a bugbear do not most people make of this same *fresh air!* What is really their best friend is treated as a foe; their very windows are often constructed purposely to exclude it, or if they are ever opened it is only to be pulled down with gingerly hand, a little bit at the top. Regarding respiration there are one or two facts that should never be forgotten: first, that we inhale oxygen—the life-giver—and exhale carbonic acid gas from our lungs, which gas is a deadly poison; and secondly, that a person in ordinary health requires every hour over 1,500 cubic feet of fresh air; out of doors only can he get this, but the rooms in which he lives and eats and sleeps ought to contain an atmosphere as nearly approaching in purity to that of the open air as possible. Depend upon it that sleep taken in a large, well-aired room, is ten times more refreshing than the heavy, uncertain slumber obtained in a close and stuffy apartment. I have cured more than one case of nervous headache in young people, by ordering their bedroom windows to be well opened at night. The only danger is, of course, from draughts; but this may be avoided by placing the bed in a corner, and by covering the body well up. In most houses the chimneys form the ventilating shafts, and it is important that these should never be stopped, with bags of shavings or anything else, as is the too common and most unhealthful custom. The bed should be as high as possible, because carbonic acid gas is heavier than common air, and falls downwards to the floor. Up-stair bedrooms are more healthy, for the same reason, than those on the ground floor.

Now if we remember that the more the infectious effluvia that arise from the sick are diluted, the less dangerous do they become, and the less likely to spread the disorder, we can see at once how valuable a thing is fresh air in the sick-chamber. It ought, therefore, to be perfectly ventilated by means of a little fire in the grate, and the occasional wide-opening of both doors and windows. Care should at the same time be taken lest the patient catch cold, by having him well wrapped up. But it is seldom while a room is being aired that a sick person takes cold; it is more often through getting up for a moment or two, without taking the precaution of throwing some kind of wrap around the shoulders. Every medical man knows, to his sorrow, that thousands of sick people every year lose all chance of getting well, are in fact hurried into their graves, through the ignorant, if kindly meant, assiduity of their friends and attendants, who carefully cover up every chink or cranny through which a breath of air might creep.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

HOW TO KEEP WATER PURE.

The reservoir needs frequent examination; and so do the pipes through which it is conveyed, both the mains and the connections. If the pipes are too thin or joints imperfect, sewage soil and soakage and gas may injure the water, when no odor is perceptible. The effect of lead pipes has often been discussed, and is real, although we are still not able always to account for differences of results affirmed by chemical examination. Some allege that the purer the water the more likely it is to be affected by the lead. Lead service-pipes are now made both with glass and tin lining. Such a public source as a reservoir should be frequently tested chemically by public experts, and also here and there as delivered into houses, so that any impurities, either at the source or delivery, may be known.

Where cisterns are used, these must be thoroughly water-tight, frequently cleansed, and, if the water is collected from roofs, the pipes or gutters should be so arranged that at the first part of a rain the roof shall be washed and the water run elsewhere than into the cistern. Examination of the dust on the roofs of houses often shows the *debris* of animal excretions, the seeds and pollen of distant plants, and other decaying animal and vegetable matter. A partition is generally made in the cistern for the filtration of water, for which brick properly laid quite suffices, although by some an intervening layer of sand and gravel is preferred.

Where wells are used, still greater care must be taken that they are not drains for the animal and vegetable decay which the soil contains, or traps for the catching of divers living organisms that may find their way into them. Some have advocated that when a well is dug it should be finished by an arch to a few feet of the service, and a service-pipe then be placed in, and earth be packed over and around, as it does not need exposure to air and is thus protected from surface incursion and contamination. It would be in vain to attempt a comparison or preference amid all the contrivances for drawing water, ranging from the old oaken bucket through the chain-wheel and cucumber pump. So long as it is easy and the material used is not such as adds hurtful metallic or organic substances, it matters little, in a sanitary view.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE WAIST.

One of the most important features in a graceful figure— hence one of the most conspicuous innovation of the pre-Raphaelites schools—is the waist. The first aim is to have an "antique waist"—which a vulgar mind would pronounce horribly thick—thick, like the Venus de Medicis, thick like that far nobler Venus of Milo. And why? Because the proportion of the figure, the grace of action and carriage, are so dependent on the waist being of the right size that it is impossible to preach too strongly the folly and ugliness of tight-lacing. The coarse, abrupt curve which is formed by a small waist and broad hips is very far removed from Hogarth's true "line of beauty," which is a curve extremely gradual. What is gained by an ugly, angular waist like a V? Nothing but a long list of maladies which sap the health and spoil the complexion. What is gained by a somewhat large, "antique waist?" Good proportion in an artist's eye, ease and grace of movement, often a really statuesque carriage—impossible to the slaves of *la mode*, with their hard, bony cuirasses on. The waist of a pre-Raphaelite is rather short—where a waist ought to be in fact, between the hips and the last rib. Her skirt is cut full or scanty, as she pleases, but is never tied to her legs with strings and elastics. She can therefore stoop without gasping or cracking her corset bone, and can sit down or walk up stairs at will, unlike many votaries of present fashions. Her sleeves are cut extraordinarily high on the shoulder, sometimes a little fulled to fit the shoulder-bone; for it is *de rigueur* that a pre-Raphaelite should be capable of moving her arms when dressed as freely as when undressed.—*Exchange.*

THE "USES" OF PAIN.—The question is often asked, "What is the use of pain? It is scarcely conceivable that the infliction has no object." There are obviously two aspects of this question: in one Science has an immediate interest; with the other it has a secondary, but not unimportant, concern. The first is essentially physical. What useful purpose does pain subserve in the animal economy? The answer is thrust upon us by daily observation and experience. There are two sentinels posted, so to say, about the organism to protect it alike from the assaults of enemies without, and exacting friends within. The first of these guardians is the sense of fatigue. When this speaks there is need of rest for repair. If the monitor be unheeded, exhaustion may supervene; or, before that point of injury is reached, the second guardian will perhaps interpose for the vital protection—namely, pain. The sense of pain, however, is more directly significant of injury to structure, active or threatened, than an excessive strain on function, although in the case of the vital organs pain occurs whenever the pressure is great. Speaking generally, it may be set down as an axiom that, whatever collateral uses pain may subserve, its chief and most obvious service to humanity is as a deterrent and warning sensation to ward off danger. It is worthy of note, though sufficiently familiar to medical observers, that the absence of this subjective symptom in cases of severe injury is too often indicative of an injury beyond repair. The extinction of pain is not the highest, although it may be a generous impulse. If there were no guardian sensibility of this nature, it would be impossible to live long in the world without self-inflicting the most formidable injuries. That pain, in the second place, has an educational value, as regards the mind and temper, no one can doubt. Some forms of pain would seem to be chiefly intended for this purpose; but even in this view pain has a practical interest, because the higher development of the mind which controls the body, and of which the brain is the formative organ, is a process of physico-mental interest governed by natural laws of which Science is perfectly competent to take cognizance. The subject as a whole is one with which the physician and physiologist have much concern.—*Lancet.*

PHOSPHORUS AND THE BRAIN.—In an article on the "Hygiene of Chronic Nervous Diseases," read by Dr. Beard before the Kings County (N. Y.) Medical Society, the author says:—"Although the generalization of Agassiz, that fish feeds the intellect, is among the wildest and most unscientific ever made, yet there is little doubt that the so-called 'sea food,' fish and oysters, is excellent for the nervous system, and very likely in part by virtue of the phosphorus it contains; but it no more feeds the intellect than phosphorus given in any other way. A healthy brain and an intellectual brain are not synonymous. One may be perfectly well, and at the same time perfectly stupid; a fool may eat like a lower animal, while the great philosopher barely keeps himself alive. While food is essential to thought, yet the force in food is not converted into thought force. Good thinkers, like good athletes, are usually liberal feeders; but thousands who eat as much or more have very little intellect or muscle. The effect of a diet largely of fish seems to be sedative, calmative, like that of bromide of potassium, or phosphorus, or electricity—like these remedies, producing dulness rather than intellectuality, and inducing a disposition to sleep more than to think; not accelerating, but slowly quieting down the wheels of the mind, and therefore excellent and adapted for the nervous, and overworked, and overworried."—*N. Y. Observer.*

A WRITER IN THE *Lancet* says: The brain must be fed and nourished by special design. An adequate supply of oxygen is the preliminary requirement. Then comes the question of food: and, whatever else may feed the brain, workers with this organ should be assured that alcohol will not sustain it. Alcoholization and oxygenation are directly antagonistic processes; and even if alcohol be food for the brain, the organ cannot feed when the nutrient fluid circulating in its vessels is disabled from the task of conveying oxygen, which happens whenever spirit is present in more than very moderate proportions in the blood. The relief afforded by alcohol from the sense of depression produced by a lack of oxygen is, therefore, illusory. It is procured by over stimulating an organ which is both exhausted and impaired.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

A GERMAN inventor has patented an apparatus designed to lessen the strain upon a horse, particularly at starting, of a loaded vehicle. The traces are fastened to an iron rod running through the centre of a cylinder containing several rings of gutta-percha. When the horse exerts himself the strain first comes upon and compresses these rings, saving his shoulders. The German war department, having made experiments and found that the saving of force, not alone at starting but during traction, was at least a third, has resolved to employ the attachment in its artillery and military trains. It might pay, from an economical as well as a humane point of view, to introduce it here.—*Ploughman.*

LIEBIG declares that oatmeal is almost as nutritious as the best English beef, and Prof. Forbes of Edinburgh, who measured the students in the University for twenty years, found that in height, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them the French; very much higher, the English; and highest of all the Scotch and Scotch-Irish from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years with at least one meal a day of good oatmeal porridge.

SPEAKING of boxing the ears of children as a mode of punishment, the London *Lancet* says: Medical men alone can be fully aware how fruitful a source of suffering and danger is represented by the box upon the ear. There are, for example, under observation at the present moment two school-boys who have been the victims of such an assault. Surely, schoolmasters ought to have learned long ere this the danger of a mode of personal chastisement that has apparently usurped the place of others, which, if more disgusting, were not attended with an equal amount of peril."

HARDNESS in water, if excessive, favors the occurrence of certain diseases, roughens the skin, and interferes with digestion. Hard water decomposes soap and produces curdling, so that in this way to cities which use hard water or to families there is a very heavy loss of cleansing quality. One gentleman, who carefully experimented on the difference between the use of hard and soft water in making tea, found the saving in the amount of tea needed for an equal strength paid for all his experiments.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE average life of the Jew is forty-eight years and nine months, and of the Christian thirty-six years and eleven months, a result of a stricter observance of sanitary requirements by the former.

DOMESTIC.

TO CUT whalebone easily, hold it in the flame of a lamp an instant, and you can cut it with shears.

HARD BUTTER.—A flower-pot wrapped in a wet cloth and placed over a butter plate will keep the contents of the plate as hard and firm as if it were set on ice, and milk will not sour if the can containing it be wrapped in a wet cloth.

THE "RURAL" says that tomatoes picked when just ripe and with a portion of the stems retained, and at once covered with a brine composed of a tea-cup of salt dissolved in a gallon of water, can be kept nearly all the year without noticeable loss of freshness of taste.

POTATO SALAD.—Peel and chop fine freshly boiled potatoes and mix with a chopped onion, make a dressing of one-half cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of butter, and pepper and salt to taste. Place over the fire till it becomes very hot, then pour over the potatoes, mixing well. This is a fine relish for tea with bread and butter or cold meat. Use more or less potato as you like the flavor of the onion.

CANNING FRUIT.—Many do not know that hot fruit can be put in cold glass jars without breaking. Place an ordinary tablespoon (silver coated, pewter) in the jar, or can, before putting in the hot berries, cherries, or anything that is canned. Also when putting jelly in tumblers place a tablespoon in the glass, then pour in the hot jelly. Do not be afraid, the glass will not break if sound. I have not lost one that way. It saves much trouble in canning fruit. For an experiment, put a teaspoon in a tumbler, and pour boiling water in, and see if it will break.

AN OLD HOUSE-KEEPER sends to the *Household* her way of making lemon syrup—"I boiled the lemons whole, and in that way obtained nearly twice the amount of juice, then squeeze the juice and strain through a jelly bag, add two pints of sugar to one of juice, let it stand till the sugar is all dissolved, straining it after, and bottle it. Then I preserve the skins and keep till summer for flavoring my citron or watermelon peel, which my family think is the best preserves we have. The lemon skin must be soaked in salt and water, and if not perfectly tender, boiled again, then boil slowly in a good thick syrup."

ESSENCE OF CHICKEN.—In a case of extreme sickness, when it is important that what little nourishment the patient can take should be highly condensed, the following is an excellent mode for concentrating, in a small compass, all the nutritive properties of a chicken: After picking the chicken, sprinkle a little salt over it and cut in pieces, as if for frying. Put the pieces in a small glass jar (or wide-mouthed bottle), stop it tight, and put it in a pot of cold water, gradually heating the latter till it boils. Let the jar of chicken remain in the water till the juices are well extracted, then pour them off for the patient.

VEAL LUNCH.—Take what is left of cold veal from the day before, leave out the fat and skin, add some fat of cold ham, chop very fine, add a little grated nutmeg, one cup of bread-crumbs, six blades of powdered mace, the yellow of a rind of lemon grated, two well-beaten eggs, a little salt and a very little cayenne pepper; mix the whole well together, and make it in the form of a loaf, glaze it over with a beaten egg, and strew over even powdered bread-crumbs or crackers, and bake half an hour, or until it is hot through. Have ready the gravy left from the day before—if not enough, add water, salt and a little butter and pepper made hot—beat up an egg, and stir in two or three minutes before it is taken from the fire. Dish the veal in a deep platter, and pour the gravy over it. Cold chicken or turkey may be cooked in the same way.

COMMON PURSLANE.—Everybody who has a garden or vegetable patch in New England knows what this little succulent plant is. We last season mentioned how useful a species of green food this is for poultry; and many a bushel that ordinarily would have been suffered to go to rot, or to the pig-pen, if gathered after the first corn and potato-field hoeing, was picked up and fed to the farmer's fowls, last year, upon our recommendation in the *Poultry World.* This spreading weed grows quickly, and may be taken up in quantities the last of June and during July and August anywhere, in our plowed fields or spaded gardens, where the soil is pretty rich. You certainly won't find it in poor ground. Gather a peck or half a bushel in the morning, while the dew lies upon it. Scald two quarts of cornmeal and bran; chop the "pussley" with a sharp spade in a tub or firkin, and mix it with the meal. Feed it to your twenty, thirty, or forty fowls, and you will find that they will devour it with a great appetite. It costs little or nothing, and for the present season, while grass is becoming tough and wiry, it will answer an admirably economical and beneficial purpose, as every one agrees who has tried this hitherto quite neglected but useful and nourishing food for domestic fowls.—*Poultry World.*

BRIAN GALLAGHER,

THE WICKLOW FISHERMAN AND PILOT.

(Continued.)

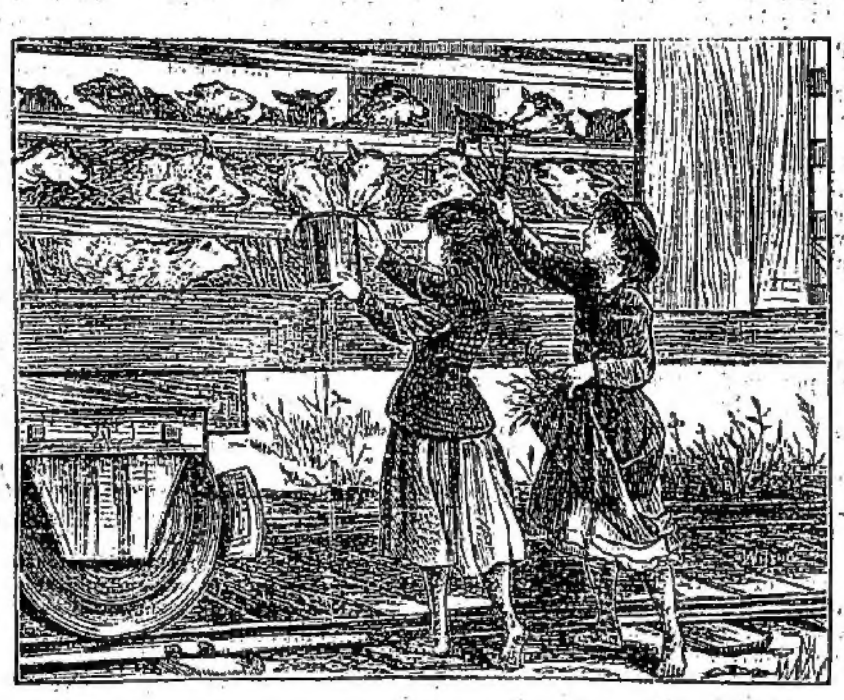
Brian was touched by the young man's compassion and earnestness. He considered for a little with himself, and then replied, "Well, I suppose I must keep to my furst word; but mind ye, if the 'Polly' goes, I go with her, and as 'cox' too. ye ondherstand, for not a mother's son o' ye knows her ways in a say as I do."

When Brian's proposal was intimated to the other members of the volunteer crew, one or two, who had had some experience of his recent craziness, hesitated; but the great majority of them rejoiced, for he was accounted the best hand in a boat in the place, and it nerved their courage for the desperate task before them.

The only method for reaching the wreck, it was judged, was to work round the south of the bank, and beyond the vessel; then, as the tide was still flowing, to let the boat drift towards her and when passing under her bows to fling a rope aboard, and thus form a connection between the bark and the "Polly Hopkins."

It would take long to describe the passage of the litt'e boat to the beleaguered bark. Now she hung high on the crest of a wave, and again was lost to sight, plunging fathoms deep into its hollow. At times she remained so long from view that many on shore believed she had foundered; but when hope was well nigh gone, once more upon a rising wave she shot forth as with arrow speed, to the gladdened eyes of those from whose lips a prayer had almost gone for the souls departed. Brian at the helm did his task splendidly; his old cool judgment and sailorly cunning seemed restored to him. More than once every one with him in the boat felt that nothing but his surpassing skill had saved them from destruction.

After gigantic efforts the "Polly" was brought to her desired position. "Let her dhrive, lads," shouted Brian; "and you, Tim Mullins, take hould o' that rope, and be all alive to fling it aboord at the right moment. Steady and ready is the word, me boys, and may the blessed Vargin and the Saints assist uz." The boat was brought stem on towards the ill-fated vessel, and Tim, as directed, stood at the bows, rope in hand, to cast it aboard her. The "Polly" felt the grip of the sweeping tide—on a seething course she sped—she neared the wreck—the time for Tim to fling on board the coil arrived; but alas! at the critical moment he failed to perform his part, and the "Polly," rudely shaken, was carried quick as thought beyond the possibility of her securing communication with the tempest-beaten vessel. It was no wonder, however, that Tim Mullins for a moment or two had lost his self-possession. Rose Gallagher was on the wreck, having started from Liverpool on her way to the States; and Phil, her brother, was with her. Tim in former days had been attached to Rose. When about to throw the coil, he caught sight of her lashed to a spar, and the sudden surprise, as well it might, unnerved him, and caused him to falter. Brian Gallagher ground his teeth with rage, and cursed what he called the awkwardness of the young seaman. It had been a hazardous and difficult manœuvre to bring the boat close to the wreck. To make a second attempt he believed would be madness. "Home," he cried, "while there's a chance for uz, is now the word. Bad luck to yer limpin' hand, Tim Mullins. It'll be the death o' many a wan this day. I wouldn't take all the world and return to the wreck. Pull away, boys. The landin stage must now be the place we steer fur.'



THE CATTLE TRAIN.

Thus spoke Brian with a grieved yet determined air. It was, however, before he knew the reason of Tim's want of alacrity, for with eye all intent upon managing his boat he had not seen what Tim had. But when informed by the young man that the children whom he had mourned over as exiles were on the storm-beset vessel, he was as one distraught; recovering himself a little, he turned deadly pale and his lips quivered. Some time passed before he was so much himself as to resolve upon any course of action. When capable of decision, there was no second thought. Without a remark the "Polly Hopkins" was turned in her course, and preparation was made for again beating round to a position for reaching the wreck. The volunteer crew well knew they were about to be steered once more into the very jaws of death; but appreciating Brian's motives, without a murmur they consented to succeed in saving his loved ones or to perish with him.

"They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths; they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man," are words that well describe the case of the "Polly's" crew, as they struggled to bring her a second time to the rescue. Plunging and tossing in the broken sea, she was at times all but unmanageable, and Brian and his brave companions felt as though their last hour was come; but by untiring perseverance and nearly superhuman effort they again, to their great joy, reached the position they had formerly gained. Before yielding the boat to the tidal rush, Brian quietly said to the oarsman nearest him, "I take the rope myself this time, and do you, Bill Costelloe—for I know your mettle—take the tiller."

With great difficulty Brian passed from the stern to the bow. When there, he grasped the rope-coil and stood while supporting himself with one hand on the gunwale, ready to accomplish the feat which Tim had failed in. As with the bounds of a deer the "Polly," when given way to, speeded on the leaping waves upon her second course to the wreck, whose bulwarks, washed by the heaving sea, were alternately engulfed and rendered visible. The boat flashed as it were to her destruction. But with true aim and timely fling the rope was cast by Brian—was caught by two or three seamen on the wreck, was securely fastened, and was then run out in the twinkling of an eye by the swiftly-borne "Polly." Being lashed to her bows, with a shock it brought her to, and swiftly hauled in by Brian himself, his boat was soon under the lee of the stranded vessel. Several on board the wreck rushed to the side where the "Polly" rocked, eager to cast themselves at all hazards into her. But pushing his boat out three or four yards, Brian shouted above the storm, "Stand back, every wan o' yees. God o' heaven, my childer are aboord! Mind, no wan comes here until me own flesh and blood are safe. He that venthers to my boat afore that, I declare, before Heaven, I'll fling him into the say!" He looked and spoke like a mad-man—and those whom he addressed quailed before him; who his children were was soon found out, and Rose, when loosened from the lashings, faint and almost powerless from exhaustion, was lowered by eager men—eager to remove any cause of delay to their own safety—into her father's boat, and in a half-conscious state was borne to the best spot in the well-remembered "Polly Hopkins."

"Now thin, let me have Phil," said his father—and the same hands that had lowered the sister were about to be laid upon him. But the young man held them back and pushed them off and firmly said, "No, niver—I must not, and I will not; while *women* and *childer* are aboord, niver let it be said that any one calling himself a man sacrificed them for his own safety No, I'd scorn it. I call myself a Christian Irishman, and by God's help I mean to act up to me purfeshun. And oh, father, if you wish to do somethin' to blot out a sorraful past, consint to what I say, and lose no time in gettin' into yer boat the feeble and perishin' wans around me."

Brian violently protested, but in vain—valuable moments were passing—there was a struggle to get Phil to change his mind; but no, the young man was steadfast to his resolve, and Brian was compelled to submit. "Lower down, then, the women and childer," he said, somewhat sullenly, "and when they're done for, the first man that enthers my boat must be that son who, agin my will, refuses now to come into it. These arms (and he stretched them forth) once druv him from his home—but Heaven knows how this blessed hour they long to embrace him."

Phil, however, never entered the boat which had put off for his deliverance. The "Polly Hopkins" could not find room even for the women and children. Some had to be left behind, and deeply laden, the boat had to be swung off with a promise, however, of again returning with a fresh crew to the wreck. "We'll be dead bet when we reach the shore," said Tim Mullins—"there's no doubt o' dat; but well we know, whin it's tould whose aboord the bark, it's not twelve, but half the min in the village that'll be wantin' to come for him."

As may well be supposed, there was no small stir upon the beach when the "Polly Hopkins" drew near. Those who had held their breath in suspense, and who had sobbed in sorrow and terror, as

they saw her plunging and driving amid foam and spray in the offing shouted their thanks to Heaven and the Virgin when she touched the shore. But the excitement increased tenfold when it was made known that among the rescued was Rose Gallagher, and, as Tim Mullins had foretold, there was no difficulty in getting a second crew to volunteer for another trip to the wreck; indeed so many offered themselves that Brian had to make a selection—for it was Brian, though greatly fatigued, who again took command of the boat. "What!" he said to those who would persuade him to allow another to take the helm, "do yees think I could stand here lookin' on and doin' nothin' to save my Phil? No, a thousand times no! Why, I feel as if I'd rush, boat or no boat, into the very say itself to rache him." Alas! even this self-sacrificing zeal did not avail to reach his son—his only son. The "Polly Hopkins" had not made more than half her way to the wreck when a tremendous sea was observed to break over it. Screams were heard amid the thunder of the waters, and when the mounting spray passed by, the wreck was gone; fragments here and there, and the heads of a few feeble swimmers, alone were seen upon the devouring tide. Three or four of the drowning men were picked up by Brian's boat—but Phil was not among them, though the distracted father looked hard and long for him. He was not found until the following day, when, as borne by the tide, he floated into a little cove not far from his father's cottage—rather, his cold and stiffened form floated in, for his spirit had fled to that world where there is "no sea" and tempest. He had gone to that Saviour whose Word he so deeply loved, and whose self-sacrificing spirit he so nobly imitated.

The Bible he had been exiled for not surrendering was found upon his dress. Brian got possession of it—not to be given up, it may be guessed, to be burnt, but to be preserved as a priceless treasure.

Brian Gallagher has never recovered from the shock of his son's death. He charges himself with being the cause of it. "Had I not druv him from me home," he says, "he had not been in the wreck." "Oh, God," he once exclaimed, "I desarve to be thus punished fur dhrivin' him away; and I was also, at the same time, dhrivin' Thy blessed thruth from me; but I was desarved and put upon to do it. How on earth is it, O Lord, that min callin' themselves Thy sarvants can thus blind and timpt uz? Ah! I begin to see Thy Word is the light and the life of min's souls; but they towld me, Lord, it was poison."

Rose Gallagher still lives with her father; he does not interfere with her religious freedom, and will suffer no one to molest her. She reads her Bible, and often to her father, who is gradually coming to understand and love it. May it soon lead him to a full knowledge of that Saviour whose mission it is "to comfort all that mourn, to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." H. M.

—*Family Friend.*

THE END.

BEWARE OF BEGINNINGS.

The story told in the picture is an old one, but good for all that.

Said the camel, "It is cold out here; may I put my head within your door?" The merchant could not find it in his heart to refuse. Before long the camel's neck as well as head was within the little room; then his shoulders; then his whole body. So the merchant was crowded out entirely, for the room was not big enough for both of them.

We sometimes think it no great harm if we permit the beginning of a bad habit to enter our bosom. If it would stop there it might not do so much evil. But no one knows where a bad habit will stop. It is quite as likely as not to crowd out everything good. So look out for the beginnings!—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"MAY I PUT MY HEAD IN?"

THE CATTLE TRAIN.

The picture on our fourth page illustrates an incident that was related some years ago by Miss. L. M. Alcott, the well-known author. We give the story in her own words, as published at the time:—

"Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of a window at a waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks and spread into a wide pool, that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle-train; and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

"Full in the hot sun stood the cars; and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths!

"The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while, that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up; and while I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

"I could not hear what they said; but, as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats, their bare feet, and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and, emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little barefoot's task a hard one.

"But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and, having no pail, filled her 'picking-dish' with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity."—

"*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.*"—*The Nursery.*

The above incident was quoted by Mr. Angell when pleading for the new cattle law before the House Committee on Agriculture.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.

PSA. 25: 14.

The Family Circle.

ONLY.

(Charlotte Murray, in The Christian.)

Only a word for the Master,
Lovingly, quietly said
Only a word!
Yet the Master heard,
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,
Sorrowful, gentle, and deep.
Only a look
Yet the strong man shook,
And he went alone to weep.
Only some act of devotion,
Willingly, joyful done
"Surely 'twas nought!"
(So the proud world thought,)
But yet souls for Christ were won!

Only an hour with the children,
Pleasantly, cheerfully given.
Yet seed was sown
In that hour alone
Which would bring forth fruit for heaven!

"Only"—But Jesus is looking
Constantly, tenderly down
To earth, and sees
Those who strive to please;
And their love He loves to crown.

SEEKING PROMOTION:

FOR YOUNG MEN AS WELL AS BOYS.

"I wish, father, you would find me a good situation," said Thomas earnestly, "I should like so much to be in business; but it seems long to wait for a good place."

Mr. Reed, lifting his eyes from the evening paper, looked at his son with some surprise, and then said: "I think you have a situation, Thomas!"

"Yes; but I mean a good situation. The place I am in now is nothing, only to run messages all the time for everybody in the establishment: and then I am paid almost nothing."

"And what sort of situation do you want, Thomas?" asked his father.

"I would like," said Thomas, "to be in some good office where I would receive a large salary and not be under everybody, to run at their nod and call."

"But that is why I placed you in your present situation," said his father. "You have every opportunity to rise to one of the best positions in the city, if you are only content to wait and work for it."

"I am afraid I should have a long time to wait," said Thomas. "Every place above me is filled: and they are all too well paid to resign very soon; and then I do not know how to work for promotion. Must I apply to the head of the firm, and what else have I to do to obtain it?"

"No, Thomas: that is not the work I mean. An application is about the last thing you should make to your employer; and, indeed, you may not require to apply for anything, if you take the proper course."

"Well, father, I will take any course that will procure promotion for me," said Thomas eagerly.

"Then there is hope that you will follow my directions if I tell you how to work. You say you have to run errands for every one in the place; well, that is just what I expected when you went there. I suppose it is not pleasant,—it may be quite tiresome and discouraging; but then you gain a good knowledge of the city, become known to other firms: besides, you are not in the lowest place there, as you suppose, or you would not be entrusted to carry the mail to and from the post office. I was surprised when I heard that Mr. Edwards had entrusted you with that duty the third week after you went there. It shows me that he has confidence in your integrity, and I think you are getting promotion already."

Thomas laughed at the novel mode of preferment, and informed his father that Mr. Edwards had no one else who cared to go or whom he could send for the mails.

"Perhaps he has quite a different reason for his action," said his father. "Probably he does not care to trust some others who are above you, and whom he might send. Thomas, you must work well and carefully, whether it be running messages or carrying the mail, and you will soon discover that that is the work which will procure for you promotion."

"But it is a very low beginning, father," said Thomas.

"Yes—— Let me see: were you with us, last summer, when we visited Baltimore and went up to the top of Washington's monument?"

"Yes, father; you recollect we all went up, and little Fred was so tired he could hardly gain the top."

"Do you recollect how we ascended? Were we lifted up from the street by an elevator?"

"No, father; don't you remember that a man let us in by the door, and we went up by the winding steps; we had no light only that of a smoky lantern, and it was a long time before we reached the top."

"And we got up at last," said his father, "after patiently stepping one hundred and eighty times, one after another; and were we not repaid at the top with the magnificent view which we enjoyed?"

"It was perfectly grand," said Thomas.

"Now, Thomas, as you ascended that monument so must you rise in business. You are now standing on the lower steps,—you are *on* the steps,—and there is nothing to hinder you, if your health is good, from standing on the top. But you must cultivate several qualities which I will mention, and the very first which you need to possess is contentment with what you already have. That does not mean that you are to have no ambition to rise; but rather, that you must be willing to wait till your turn comes. Then, again, be willing to serve all who are over you; they may be no better than you, but they have a position above you, and are therefore your superiors. Remember that he is the best commander who himself is willing to 'obey orders' and serve those above him.

"There are other qualities of equal importance,—honesty, for example: which implies more than that the person possessing it does not steal. It means that in all public and private transactions you are to be governed by just and upright principles. I knew a business man who sent in an order for goods; a mistake was discovered after the goods had been delivered—the firm had forwarded goods fifty dollars better than those ordered and paid for; when the error was seen and the purchaser applied to, he refused to pay the difference or return the goods. He was a dishonest man!

"A boy who wants to rise in business must not be cunning and crafty and what people sometimes call 'smart.' Truthfulness requires us to be open, candid, and to avoid imposing upon the ignorance or credulity of others by word, or act, or even by the expression of the face. Business people soon find out that a boy is 'tricky' and 'slippery' and 'smart,' and though they are pleased to call him by these gentle names, they always act towards him as if they thought him untruthful and dishonest.

"Then a boy must have steadiness. No one wants to employ a clerk who attends to his business only when 'he feels like it,' or when his master's eyes are upon him. Employers want trustworthiness in their assistants, so that they can commit to their care all their affairs at a moment's notice and be confident that their interests will not suffer. Energy, too, must be exercised in the discharge of duties. 'What is worth doing at all is worth doing well;' and there is nothing to be gained by unsteadiness, but much to be lost by it. 'A rolling stone gathers no moss;' it will wear away in the course of time. So an unsteady, fickle, restless boy or man, who is always looking for a better situation, instead of improving the one he has, will never gain much. In all this you must endeavor to improve your mind by self-cultivation, for no boy leaving school, though he may have stood high in his class, is qualified for an important business position till he cultivates himself and profits by experience. If you associate only with the virtuous and good, this will remove you from the way of temptation, and particularly in regard to those useless and really bad habits of smoking, chewing tobacco, drinking just a little, loafing idly about the streets, and keeping late hours.

"Remember that a good character is worth more to you than a great fortune of gold, and it is built up as men build a house—little by little, brick by brick. If you build up your good name by these acts which I have commended, it may take a lifetime to complete it; but then it will be a monument of gold set up by yourself to perpetuate your memory forever. A vein of religious reverence and respect should pervade all your life and be seen in every act and word; that you may grow up to be a man of high business, moral, and religious character: and men will respect and trust you, which will be a fortune in itself. Never forget, to the end of your life, that one wrong action may overthrow the best reputation which years only have established. Just a spark may reduce to ashes the magnificent castle which has cost its owner a lifetime and a fortune to build. The splendid tower which was almost finished has fallen in ruins because a single stone was misplaced and gave way. It is worse than if it had never been built, for the rubbish must be cleared away before the foundation can be relaid. A good name lost can never be regained, unless its owner can begin among strangers and try to live a virtuous life. Therefore cultivate godliness with contentment, which is great gain; and when you attain to good position and honor, remember to be still more careful of your good reputation, for 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and favor is better than silver and gold.'"—*N. Y. Observer.*

AUNT RACHEL.

The life-histories of the fugitives who were aided by Levi Coffin were all more or less remarkable. Eliza Harris, who makes so considerable a figure in Mrs. Stowe's well-known book, was a character taken from real life, the name being unchanged. On catching sight of her pursuers, Eliza darted from her retreat, with her child in her arms, and crossed the Ohio by getting from one block of ice to another, while the broken pieces were drifting down the river, just as they are described to have done in "Uncle Tom." We quote the story of "Aunt Rachel," as less widely known:

AUNT RACHEL,

"The subject of this sketch, one of those good old darkey aunties whom we have all known or heard of, was brought up in Lexington, Kentucky. She was a slave, a house servant, and had a kind and indulgent master and mistress, to whom she was much attached. She had the principal charge of household affairs. Her husband belonged to another person in the neighborhood, but was often permitted to visit her. They had a family of several children, and were as happily situated as it was possible for slaves to be. They knew that they were liable to be separated and sold away from each other, and this disturbed their happiness. At last the dreaded misfortune came to them. The husband was sold, and taken to the far South, and the wife never saw him or heard from him afterward. This was a terrible shock to Aunt Rachel, and had it not been for her children, she said she would have prayed to die. But for their sake she bore her grief, not thinking that she would ever be called upon to part from them, or to experience deeper pangs of sorrow than those she had already known. She knew not what was in store for her. Two years afterwards her old master and mistress died, and she and her children were sold at public sale. The children were bid off by citizens of Lexington, but Aunt Rachel was sold to a Southern slave-trader. Now, indeed, came trouble. No one but a mother who has been separated from the children she loves can understand the depth of her distress, or sympathize with the anguish of her heart. Aunt Rachel was torn away from her children and taken South in a gang of slaves, which the trader had bought for the Southern market. In Mississippi she was sold to a cotton planter, and immediately set to work in the cotton field. She had never been accustomed to outdoor work, and could not keep up with the other cotton-pickers. For this she was cruelly punished, and her allowance of food reduced. Finding that her strength was failing her under this hard treatment, she resolved to run away, and try to make her way back to her old Kentucky home.

"It was now the beginning of summer, and she thought she could live on berries and fruits the most of the time. She slipped off one night and made good headway during the hours of darkness, hiding in the cane-brakes when daylight appeared. The next night she ventured to the negro quarters of a plantation, and got some provisions. Her long and toilsome journey was attended with much danger and suffering, and occupied the most of the summer. She finally reached her old home in Lexington, Kentucky, and secreted herself with a friend. She did not dare yet to make herself known to her children, lest it should lead to her detection, but sometimes could hardly control herself when she saw her youngest child, a little girl three years old, playing in the adjoining yard. She remained in concealment for some time, while her colored friends tried to find some one in Lexington who would purchase her. They were unsuccessful in their attempts, and it was deemed unsafe for her to remain longer in the place, as it had by this time become known to a number of the citizens of Lexington that she had escaped from her master and was there. She thought she would start northward and try to reach Canada, but while her colored friends were making arrangements for her journey to the North on the Underground Railroad, she received the alarming intelligence that her master from Mississippi had arrived in Lexington in pursuit of her.

"Soon after reaching Lexington he learned that she was secreted somewhere in the town. He offered a reward for her capture, and a diligent search commenced. The police were on the alert, and poor Aunt Rachel was soon captured and dragged to jail for safe keeping. Her master was greatly incensed because she had run away, and put him to so much trouble and expense in pursuing her, and was very abusive and threatening in his language to her. He gave her a few keen cuts with his whip, as token of what was in store for her, and told her he would have his pay out of her when he got home: he would double her task, and if she did not perform it he would cut the hide off of her with his whip.

"Aunt Rachel trembled but made no reply; she knew that she was in his power. Handcuffs were put on her wrists, and a chain with a heavy ball fastened around her ankle. Thus ironed, she lay in the jail for more than a week, while her master was engaged in buying a small company of slaves for his plantation in Mississippi. When ready to start South, he hired a waggon in which to transport his slaves to Louisville, at which point he intended to put them aboard a down-river boat. Aunt Rachel was placed in the waggon, with her heavy irons on. After a wearisome day's travel, they stopped in front of a tavern, where they intended to spend the night. It was quite dark, for they had been compelled to travel some time after nightfall in order to reach a place where they could find quarters. While her master went into the house to see about getting entertainment, Aunt Rachel gathered up the ball and chain in her manacled hands, slipped out of the hind end of the waggon, and slid down into a deep ravine near the road. She crouched under the side of the bank and lay as still as death. She was soon missed, and the search for her began. Her master, and those he called to his assistance, ran in every direction, with lighted lanterns, looking for her, but they overlooked her hiding-place. She was so near, almost under the waggon, that they did not think of searching where she lay. She remained perfectly still, except the tumultuous throbbing of her heart; and this she thought would surely betray her when those in search passed near her hiding-place.

"Finally all became quiet, and the search seemed given up for the night. Then Aunt Rachel gathered up her chain and crawled off into the woods, making her way through the darkness as fast as her fetters would allow. She did not venture to follow any road or beaten path, but wandered on through the woods as best she could, for two or three miles. Being quite weary under the weight of her irons, she stopped to rest. It was cool weather, late in the fall, and she soon felt chilly. Looking about, she discovered some hogs lying snugly in a leafy bed under the side of a large log, and frightening them away she crept into their warm bed. She now felt comfortable, and soon fell into a refreshing sleep that lasted an hour or two. When she awoke she felt quite refreshed, and ready to pursue her journey. Her situation was indeed forlorn. She had eluded the grasp of her master, but manacled as she was, how could she ever make her way to freedom and safety? Must she not perish of hunger in the lonely woods? How could she free herself from her hand fetters, and from the heavy chain that was chafing her ankle and making it sore? As she reflected on these questions, distress filled her mind, and she wept. She knew of no friend but God, and she prayed to Him in this hour of need; she asked Him to guide and help her. She seemed to feel His presence with her, in answer to her petitions, and a glow of comfort warmed her heart. She moved on, to look for a safe place where she might hide during the day, and came to a small stream of water, on whose banks were a number of large stones. She placed two stones close together and laid her chains across them, then lifting another stone in her fettered hands, she managed by repeated blows and by frequently turning it, to break the chain; thus freeing herself of the greater part of it, and of the heavy ball. Several links, however, were left hanging to the band rivoted around her ankle; and from this she could not free herself. She lay in the woods during the day, and at night ventured to a house where she saw some colored people. She was kindly received, and furnished with food. The man succeeded in getting her handcuffs off, which was a great relief to her, but having no file, he was unable to relieve her of the iron band on her leg. This colored brother gave her directions for her journey, and put her on a route that would reach the Ohio River, opposite Madison, Indiana. He even ventured to take two of his master's horses out of the field, and help her on her way several miles.

"The next night her progress was slow on account of her manacled ankle, which by this time was swollen and painful. Sometime before daylight she ventured to approach a hut, which was situated near the road she was travelling. She discovered a negro man kindling a fire, and made herself known to him. He received her kindly, and his wife ministered to her needs. She remained secreted during the day at this hut, and at night felt strengthened and ready to pursue her journey. The man had a file, and succeeded in filing off the rivet, and loosening the band from her leg. He then applied what simple remedies he had at hand, and succeeded in some measure in assuaging the pain and swelling of the ankle.

At night this kind friend helped her on her way, and conducted her to the house of a colored man, who lived near the Ohio River, below Madison. The man was a slave, but had a kind and indulgent master, who allowed him the use of a skiff, and permitted him to go over the river to trade. Aunt Rachel prevailed upon him to take her across the river that night, and he landed her near Madison, directing her how to find a settlement of free colored people near that place. At this settlement she fell into the hands of a trusty colored man, who lived about ten miles out in the country, where he owned a good farm, and was comfortably situated. Aunt Rachel found a quiet home at his house, which was fortunate for her, as she was now almost unable to travel. The chafing of the iron band around her ankle had caused inflammation, and made a very painful sore. She was able, however, to move about enough to do housework. She remained at this place all the winter, unmolested. In the spring a fugitive was captured in the neighborhood, and Aunt Rachel and her friends became alarmed for her safety. She was put on the Underground Railroad, and brought to our house at Newport. She was anxious to remain with us for awhile, hoping that by some means she might hear from her children, concerning whom she was very anxious. My wife needed help at that time, and agreed to hire her for a few weeks. We soon found her to be one of the best housekeepers and cooks we had ever employed. She was careful and trustworthy, and exemplary in all her ways. We became much attached to her; indeed the neighbors and all who knew her had a great deal of respect and liking for Aunt Rachel. She stayed with us more than six months, and would have remained longer had it not been considered unsafe. We thought it best for her to go on to Canada, where she would be safe.

We provided Aunt Rachel with warm and comfortable clothing for her journey to the North. A well-filled trunk was placed in one of the cariages, and Aunt Rachel took her seat by one of a party of women Friends, presenting the appearance of a sedate and comely Quaker woman.

When she reached Canada, she found employment in the homes of white families in Windsor and Norwich, where she remained for several months. Then she married a respectable colored man by the name of Keys, who owned a comfortable little home. Here I met with her eight years afterwards, when on a visit to the fugitives in Canada, in company with William Beard. The meeting was very unexpected to Aunt Rachel, as she had no previous knowledge of our arrival in the country. We rode up to her little home, and hitched our horses at the gate, some distance from the house. Aunt Rachel was in the yard at the time, picking up kindling wood. She stood still for a moment until she recognized me, shouting and praising God. She exclaimed, "Is it possible the good Lord has sent you here?" then with tears running down her black cheeks, she threw her arms around me, and asked many blessings on my head."—*Sunday at Home.*

BEGINNING AFRESH.

Mary Jones had once professed herself a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, but the troubles of life, the cares of home, and the sickness of her children, had driven her far from God and hope, and the burden of life pressed every day more heavily, and quarrels with her husband became more frequent.

Thomas was steady, she had nothing to complain of on that score; but he could not always get work to do, and then Mary's temper became irritable, and husband and wife had many sharp, cruel words.

One evening it was announced through the neighborhood that there would be a service in a large mission-hall. Great bills were circulated and tickets issued, inviting any one and every one to come and hear the gospel preached.

"Shall you go up to the hall this evening?" Mary asked her husband.

"I? bless you no!" he replied.

"Will you mind the children, then, for I want to go?"

"You'd best stop at home; you're much too fond of gadding about."

"You've always something to say, Tom, when I want to go out; it's little enough change I get. I mean to hear the man at the hall, whether you're pleased or not."

"Be off then, and leave me in peace. I hope he'll improve your temper."

Mary scowled at her husband and shut the door with such a bang that it awoke the baby, who began to cry so bitterly that Tom had to carry him in his arms up and down the room.

A few seats were still vacant when Mary reached the hall. As she took the one offered to her, she wished she had not come, the place was so hot, and she felt vexed with her husband, and tired of life.

The service had begun, and Mary's attention was soon diverted from herself by hearing these words: "I am going to talk about the Prodigal Son. God grant that some one may arise and go to his or her Father to-night, and say, 'I have sinned against heaven and before Thee.'"

The sermon that followed pricked Mary to the heart; she thought the preacher must know all about her, so much that he said she had experienced. She could not help weeping at last, and murmuring, as she knelt during the closing prayer, "God be meriful to me a sinner."

She walked slowly home, and entered the room silently. "Tom," she said, going up to her husband, who sat reading by the fire, "don't say much to me to-night; I'm sorry I was so cross; I'm sorry for so much I've done. Don't let us use words we shall be ashamed for our children to learn. I know we've had a lot to worry us lately—no work, no bread, sickness, and the rent going back—but we've not been to the right place for help. We must copy the Prodigal Son; I've heard a sermon about him this evening. We must arise and go to our Father, and tell Him we've sinned, and ask Him for Jesus' sake to forgive. The Saviour promises to wash our sins away if only we'll come to Him in faith. He'll take care of us, for He is the Good Shepherd who came to seek and to save the lost. Will you forgive me, Tom?"

"I am as much to blame as you are," Tom answered, too much surprised to add more.

Mary knelt at her bedside for a long time that evening, and tasted of that peace which passeth understanding. Her troubles were just the same, but she was able to understand the text, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—*Cottager and Artisan.*

LITTLE LINA.

If during the past eighteen months a visitor chanced to come into the children's ward of a hospital near New York, his attention would have been attracted by the sweet, earnest and patient look of a little girl about nine years of age, who sometimes might have been seen hopping about and sometimes lying in bed, but always happy and interested.

If it was asked, "Who is that little girl?" the nurse answered, "Oh, that is Lina Thompson, an orphan child, whose leg was taken off when only four years old, and who has been here now some time with spinal and other difficulties."

Lina, for the first months of her stay at the hospital, was usually able to get about, and took great delight in learning to read and sew, but her special pleasure was to have the nurse or others talk to her about Jesus and the beautiful Heavenly Home above. Very strange and hard to answer were her questions sometimes; but they always showed her perfect faith and love. She was not morbid or quiet for her years, but was always ready to play and laugh with the other little patients, and enjoyed any special treat provided for them.

About the 1st of March last, Lina was taken much worse; from that time until her death she was never able to get up. As her illness increased, she was removed from the ward, and for two months lay in a little room apart from the rest. During this time her sufferings were intense and sometimes fearful to witness; but never from her lips was heard one word of complaint. Especially during the necessary dressing every morning did she suffer. When the time came, she always prayed to Jesus to give her strength to bear it, and to help her bear it patiently. During the process she would apparently talk to Jesus, as if he was right in the room, and would say such sentences as: "Dear Jesus, I know you suffered and died on the cross for me, and bore it so patiently; but I am afraid you don't love me, for I cannot bear it as you did." She would thank the nurse when she had finished, and would tell her that she had tried to be patient. Several times, towards the last, she cried out: "Oh, I am going! I am going!" The nurse would ask: "Where are you going, Lina?" and quickly the answer would come: "I am going home to Jesus and to mamma." One day, about two weeks before her death, when she was apparently so weak that she could not speak, all were startled by hearing her voice, strong and supernaturally sweet, singing her two favorite hymns, "Nearer, my God to Thee," and "Once for all, oh, happy condition." On the Saturday before she left this world, she called to her bedside one of her little friends, who was also a patient, and said to her: "Good-bye, Eva; I am going to be with Jesus, and won't be here any more to play with you; but I want you to be a good girl and meet me in heaven, for I would feel very bad if I never saw you any more."

On Monday morning she suddenly called for the nurse, and said: "Oh, I see Him, I see Him!" The nurse hurried to her, and said: "Who, Lina?" and she answered: "I see Jesus standing beside the bed, with the sweetest of smiles." When asked to describe him she said: "He looks so sweet, with long white robes, with his arms stretched out towards me, and he looks as if he was talking to some one far off, and then turns and looks at me as pleasant." Half an hour later, she called out: "Oh, I see Him yet, but he is nearer, and it won't be long before I will be with Him." The next morning she said: "I see Jesus again," and while eating breakfast, remarked to the nurse, who was feeding her: "Jesus wants me to hurry and eat my breakfast, because he wants me to-day." After that she had most severe pain, and cried out: "Oh, please Jesus, take me home to-day, the pain is so hard to bear." In the afternoon she asked where the music and singing was, and when answered that there was none, said: "Oh, I have heard such beautiful music and singing." At that time she sent "Good-bye" to a lady in the next ward, with the message that she would "never see her again, for she was going to be with Jesus." Her kind nurse, whom she greatly loved, she made promise to meet her in heaven, and told her that she would be watching for her every day. That night she went home, her last words being: "Oh, I am going at last; I am going."

Dear little Lina, she is greatly missed at the hospital, but all who were privileged to minister to her rejoice that she is now at rest in that beautiful home she so longed for.—*N. Y. Observer.*

MY DECISION.

"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him," rang in my ears one Sunday evening when I returned from church. I wanted to serve Christ, but I liked the world, and did not care to deny myself and follow my blessed Master.

I was in a situation then, and my fellow-servant remarked that my church-going "hadn't done me much good if I came home so depressed." The truth of the matter was the Holy Spirit was convicting me of sin, and I wanted to go on in the old way.

I went to bed as soon as I could, and being very tired I quickly fell asleep and dreamed a terrible dream. It was the judgment day. God Almighty sat on His throne; a solitary woman knelt before Him, and my turn came next. On the right side was heaven, on the left hell. I looked to the right: heaven with all its glories was no place for me; I was not fit, in my own righteousness, to enter that beautiful land; my robe had not been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

I turned to the left: that place was too awful. I knew I was a sinner, but surely, surely not so bad as to fit me for hell. What could I do? There must be some middle path for people like myself who had lived moral lives.

"Is there no middle way for me?" I cried. "My turn is coming next. I am not good enough for heaven; I am not bad enough for hell!"

In my agony I awoke. "Thank God I am living still!" I murmured when I found I had been dreaming. "Oh, my Saviour, take me just as I am, wash away my sins in Thy blood which was shed for me on Calvary, and fit me to live with Thee in heaven."

Dear reader, remember there is no middle way in God's book; Christ speaks only of the broad and narrow paths. Which road are you travelling?—*Cottager and Artisan.*

THE EYES OF THE LORD.

All Seeing eyes. The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.—Prov. xv., 3.

Penetrating eyes. All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.—Heb. iv., 13.

Thoughtful eyes. For the ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and he pondereth all his goings.—Prov. v., 21.

Remembering eyes. And they consider not in their hearts that I remember all their wickedness; now their own doings have beset them about, they are before my face.—Hosea viii, 2.

Pure eyes. Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity.—Habak. i., 13.

Judging eyes. Thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men; to give every one according to the fruit of his doings.—Jer. xxxii., 19.

Providing eyes. A land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year.—Deut. xi., 12.

Merciful eyes. And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth.—Rev. v., 6.—*Christian Union.*

"It is a much easier matter," says Dr. Krotel, an experienced city pastor, "to make a congregation enthusiastic on the subject of its rights than very earnest and self-denying in attending to its duties." Very truly spoken.

SABBATH REST.—It is a well established fact that more real work is performed by those who labor only for six days than by those who devote all the seven to unremitting toil. It has been proved in the case of the overwrought statesman and professional man, as well as in that of the 'bus-driver, who works for sixteen hours a day from one week's end to the other. In this occupation few pass the age of fifty years. The celebrated Mr. William Wilberforce, so well acquainted with all the great statesmen at the beginning of its century—with Pitt, Fox, and the other giants of those days—has recorded that "he could name several of his contemporaries in the vortex of political cares whose minds have entirely given away under the stress of intellectual labor so as to bring on premature death." Sir David Wilkie's experience was that "the artists who wrought on Sunday were soon disqualified from working at all," adding that "he never knew a man to work seven days in the week who did not kill himself or his mind." Lord Chancellor Bacon, Sir Matthew Hale, and Sir William Blackstone, amongst our judges contribute the same testimony, and give their experience of the moral injury caused by the practice. The latter says "that a corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath." While the great Roman Catholic, Montalembert, writes, "Il n'y a pas de religion sans culte, et il n'y a pas de culte sans Dimanche."—*Social Notes.*

Question Corner.—No. 19.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

145. What two prophets reproved King David?
146. What king of Israel followed heathen practices by burning his children in the fire?
147. Who, does the Bible say, is greater than he that taketh a city?
148. Who in time of trouble preferred falling into the hands of God to falling into the hands of men?
149. How many prophetesses are there mentioned in the Bible?
150. In whose time was the great Jewish Reformation?
151. What is the most noted instance, on record, of devoted friendship?
152. Why was Joab promoted to be captain over David's army?
153. What three servants of God, during trial, wished to die?
154. From whence was fire originally obtained which was kept perpetually burning on the golden altar?
155. Who was the most wicked king of Israel?
156. To whom did God promise an early death as a special favor?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

121. Gibeonites, by order of Joshua, Josh ix. 23.
122. Hewers of wood and drawers of water, Josh ix. 27.
123. Amalekites, Ex. xvii. 8.
124. Obadiah, 1 Sam. xxii. 1.
125. Jacob's, Gen. i. 9.
126. Jeremiah, Jer. xix. 9.
127. Pashur, because he smote Jeremiah, Jer. xx. 4.
128. Jer. xx. 4.
129. To repair the house of the Lord, 2 Chron. xxiv. 4.
130. Achan, Josh. vii. 21.
131. Moses, Deut. xxxiv. 7.
132. Job, Job iii. 17.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. R-izpah, 2 Sam. xxi. 8.
2. E-sther, Esther ii. 17.
3. F-elix, Acts xxiv. 24.
4. U-nicorn, Num. xxiii. 22.
5. G-ourd, Jonah iv. 5, 6.
6. E-uroclydon, Acts xxvii. 14.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 17.—George L. Exley, Port Burwell, O., 12; Richard D. Moore, Selwyn, O., 11; Hugh McKercher, Franktown, O., 10; Mary Baldwin, Uxbridge, O., 9; Annie Donaldson, Ormstown, Q., 10; Annie Patton, Ormstown, Q., 10; Margaret Patton, Ormstown, Que., 10; Francis Hooker, Ormstown, Que., 9; Maggie B. Johnson, Uxbridge, Ont., 8.

To No. 16.—J. Everett Forbes, Little Harbor, N. S., 9; George Exley, Port Burwell, O., 11; Joseph Glen, Creighton, Ohio, 12; John Esterbrook, Nassagaweya, O., 12; Minnie Vandusen, Jordan, O., 11; Susie E. Brown, Head of Wallace Bay, N. S., 9; R. Storie, Lock Winnoch, O., 9; Allie Pallado, Truro, N. S. 11; Jane May Patterson, Peninsula-Gaspé, Que., 6; Carrie Savage, Peninsula-Gaspé, Que., 8; Clara Emma Jacob, Peninsula-Gaspé, Que., 8; Peter Musson, Brampton, O., 13; Catherine Isabell Livingston, Jura, O., 8; Ada Willmot, Buttonville, O., 11.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the "Little Pilgrim Question Book," by Mrs. W. Barrows, Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.)

LESSON II.—Oct. 13.

THE GOSPEL FEAST.—Luke xiv. 15-24.

15. And when one of them that sat at meat with him heard these things, he said unto him, Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the Kingdom of God.

16. Then said he unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many:

17. And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready.

18. And they all with one *consent* began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee, have me excused.

19. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused.

20. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.

21. So that servant came, and showed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.

22. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.

23. And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel *them* to come in, that my house may be filled.

24. For I say unto you, that none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the Kingdom of God."—Ver. 15.

1. In this lesson, how does Jesus try to teach the people great truths?

ANS. By a parable.

2. How does this parable, or story, commence? Vers. 16, 17.

3. Who is meant by the person making the supper?

ANS. God our Father.

4. Who are invited?

ANS. All the world.

5. What is meant by the feast, or supper?

ANS. The provision made for our salvation.

6. Who has made "all things ready" for us?

ANS. Our Saviour.

7. What does he ask us to do for him in return?

ANS. Only to "come" to him; that is, to love him, and keep his commandments.

8. When everything was ready, what did the invited guests say? Vers. 18-20.

9. What kind of excuses were these?

10. If people would make such excuses when invited to visit us, what should we think?

ANS. That they did not wish to come.

11. What did Jesus wish to show by the conduct of these men?

ANS. The foolish excuses which people make for not serving God.

12. What kept these three men from the feast?

ANS. Their worldly riches, and cares, and joys.

13. Do people make the same excuses now?

14. When the servant returned to his master will these excuses what took place? Vers. 21-23.

15. Why would the poor and the needy be more likely to accept Christ's call than the rich?

ANS. They feel the need of help and comfort, and they are not so occupied with the things of this world.

16. What is meant by the command, "Compel them to come in?"

ANS. Urge them, beg them earnestly, to come.

17. What does this show us?

ANS. God's love for his children, and his desire to have them safe and happy in his kingdom.

18. What does Jesus say of those who slight his invitation? Ver. 24.

19. Have you ever received any invitation to the gospel feast?

20. Have you accepted the invitation, or have you made excuses?

21. If you have not accepted, of what is there danger?

ANS. That we may not have another opportunity to "come."

22. Who are called "blessed" in the Golden Text?

23. What does it mean "to eat bread in the Kingdom of God?"

ANS. To be God's dear children, and welcomed to his heavenly home.

Remember this week,

"NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION."

LESSON III.—Oct. 20.

THE PRODIGAL SON.—Luke xv. 11-24.

11. And he said, A certain man had two sons:

12. And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto him his living.

13. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

14. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

15. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

16. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

17. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

18. I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

19. And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

20. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

21. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

22. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on *his* feet:

23. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill *it*; and let us eat, and be merry:

24. For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. lx. 17.

1. How much can you remember of the beautiful story which Jesus tells in this lesson?

2. Why does he tell it?

ANS. To show how God loves his sinning children.

3. How does the story, or parable, commence? Vers. 11-13.

4. Why did the younger son wish to go away from his father's house?

ANS. He thought he should be happier to go away and do as he pleased.

5. What was there wrong in his heart?

ANS. A want of love to his father, and a spirit of disobedience.

6. What sins did he probably fall into, while in that far country?

7. When he had spent all his money, what happened? Vers. 14-16.

8. What were the "husks that the swine did eat?"

ANS. Probably a coarse kind of bean.

9. What did he say when he came to himself? Vers. 17-19.

10. What is meant by the expression "when he came to himself?"

11. Do people think more of God when they are "in want" and sorrow than when everything is pleasant and joyful?

12. Do you suppose it was easy for this wicked boy to resolve to go back to his father?

13. What would he have to give up?

ANS. His evil habits and his bad companions.

14. What would be the hardest thing of all to do?

ANS. To confess that he had done wrong, and give up his *will*.

15. Was he sure his father still loved him, and would let him come home again?

ANS. Yes, or he would not have dared to come.

16. How did his father receive him? Ver. 20.

17. Is this the way our Heavenly Father meets us when we come back to him?

18. How much does he love his earthly children?

ANS. More than our parents love us.

19. When the prodigal son confessed his sins, how did his father treat him? Vers. 21-24.

20. What is meant by his saying, "My son was dead, and is alive again?"

ANS. He had been dead to all that was good, dead in sin; but, now that he was sorry for it, it was as if he had come to life again.

21. If he had not repented and come back to his father, what would have become of him?

ANS. He would have perished miserably in *that far country*.

22. Then, what is necessary, if we would have the love and blessing of our Father, and be received in the heavenly home?

ANS. We must "come" to him, and say, "Father, I have sinned," and ask his forgiveness.

23. Where only shall we be safe from all evil?

ANS. Near to God.

24. What will bring us near to him?

ANS. Love and truth and obedience.

25. What words of David may we use for our own Golden Text.

My prayer for this week,

"GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER."

TOM'S VICTORY.

"That Ned Lane," said Tom Bixby, doubling up his fist and stamping his feet, "is a mean, spiteful, wicked boy. I hate him. I wish he was dead, I do!"

Then Tom broke down and fairly burst into tears. His mother, who had heard his angry words, came out to the garden to see what had caused them. She, too, was indignant at what she saw. There was Tom's pet doggie Fawn stretched out, stiff and cold on the grass. Around his neck a string was tied, from which dangled a card. On it these words were written, in a straggly, blotted hand:

"He'll never chase my chickens no more.—NED LANE."

"Oh mother," cried Tom, "look at poor, poor Fawn! See what that cruel Ned has done! Oh how I hate him! I'll be revenged!"

Fawn had been a favorite with all the Bixby family, and in spite of the fact that he would pursue chickens and tear the dresses of passing ladies, or catch and hide away stockings and handkerchiefs when they were laid upon the grass to bleach, Mrs. Bixby had borne with him. She had hoped that his youthful faults would be cured in time. She knew that Ned Lane had been made very angry because of the loss of two rare fowls which Fawn had shaken and torn to pieces, and she felt that Fawn had been a great annoyance to the neighbors, a great transgressor. But what to do with Ned was the question, for Tom's heart was almost broken.

"Tom," she said, "you say you hate Ned. Do you wish what I heard you say just now—to be really revenged?"

"Yes, mother; I want to see him suffer. I wish all his chickens were gone."

"Ned has done a cruel deed, and I do not wonder that you are very deeply grieved; but, my son, he that hateth his brother is a murderer."

"He's not my brother."

"In one sense he is; yet I am sure you do not mean that you would really like to see him dead and cold like your dog. If you think of the meaning of your words, I am sure you wish him no such ill. I think there is a way by which you can make him very sorry for this, and yet keep your own self-respect."

The gentle tones won their way to Tom's heart. He sat down by his mother, and she passed her soft hand over his hot brow and soothed him tenderly. Then she gave him her plan for being "quits," as he called it, with Ned, and for getting the victory.

The next day, when Ned Lane met Tom Bixby on his way to school, he was rather mortified to hear nothing about Fawn. He was prepared to defend himself if attacked, but Tom passed on in silence. He tried to say, "Hallo, Ned!" but failed in the attempt. All the morning, however, when the boys were in their classes together, Tom looked and acted as usual, and at recess he engaged heartily in games with the other boys.

When Ned, feeling more and more uncomfortable, went home to dinner, a surprise awaited him. A superb pair of Brahmapootra fowls had arrived, with a string and card attached:

"For those my poor Fawn chased.—TOM BIXBY."

I cannot say truly that the two from this time became fast friends; but this I know—that Ned Lane was thoroughly ashamed of his mean and unworthy action, and never after was guilty of the like cruelty; while Tom felt, even at Fawn's grave, that forgiveness is sweeter than revenge.—*Angel of Peace.*

ORIGIN OF THE SPINNING JENNY.

James Hargreaves dropped upon his knee, and rolled on the floor at length. He lay with his face toward the floor, and made lines and circles with the end of a burnt stick. He rose and went to the fire to burn his stick. Then he sat upon a chair and placed his head between his hands, elbows on his knees, and gazed intently at the floor. Then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife, who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger, by a loud assurance that he had it; and taking her in his sturdy arms in the blanket, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out and held her over the black drawings on the floor. These he explained, and she joined in a small, hopeful, happy laugh with his high-toned assurance that she should never again toil at the spinning-wheel; that he should never again "piay," and have his loom standing for want of weft.

"Our fortune is made when that is made," said he, speaking of his drawings on the floor.

"What will you call it?" asked his wife.

"Call it? What, and if we call it after thyself, Jenny? They called thee 'Spinning Jenny' afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanghill moor at the wheel. What if we call it Spinning Jenny?"

The Spinning Jenny could spin twelve threads, instead of one, as by hand-spinning.

The populace broke the machine to pieces, and poor Hargreave's heart at the same time.

Richard Arkwright, a common barber, caught the idea of Hargreaves, improved upon it, realized half a million sterling, and became Sir Richard Arkwright, whose son, in 1843, died the richest commoner in England.—*N. Y. Observer.*

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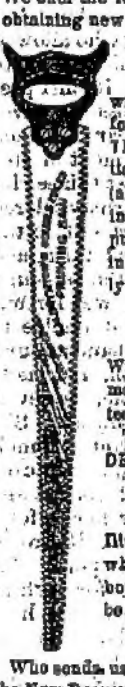

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